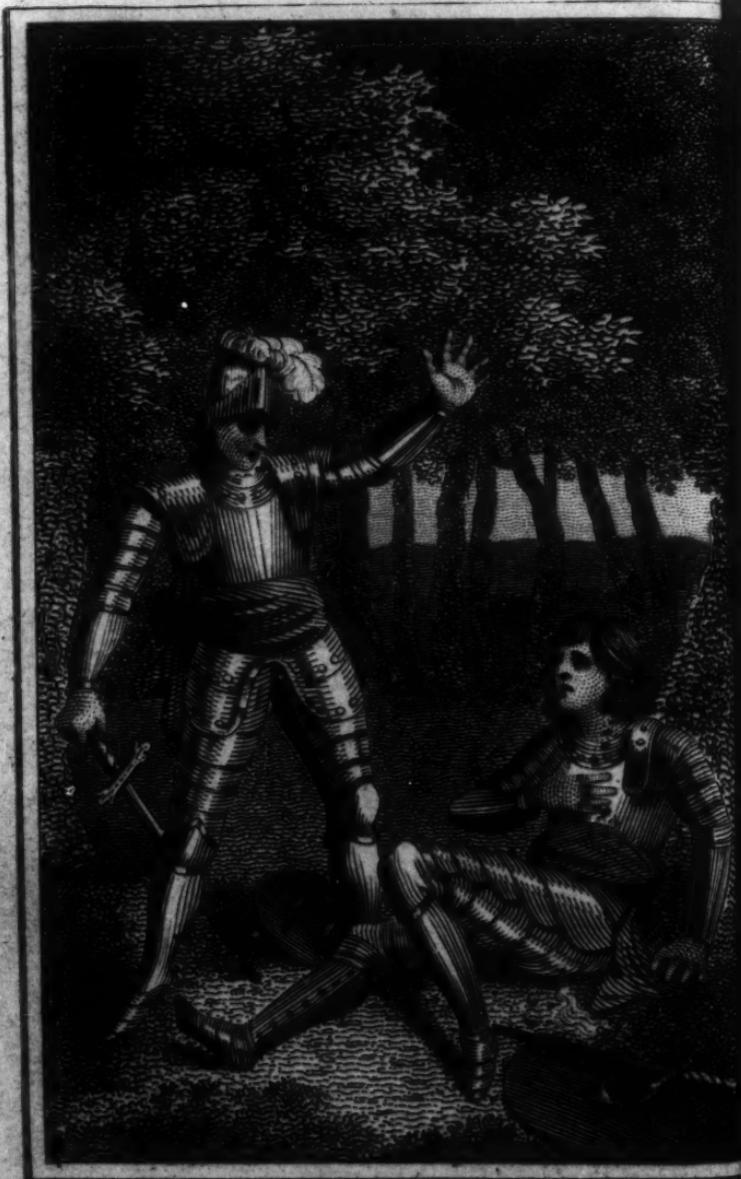


THE BROTHERS.

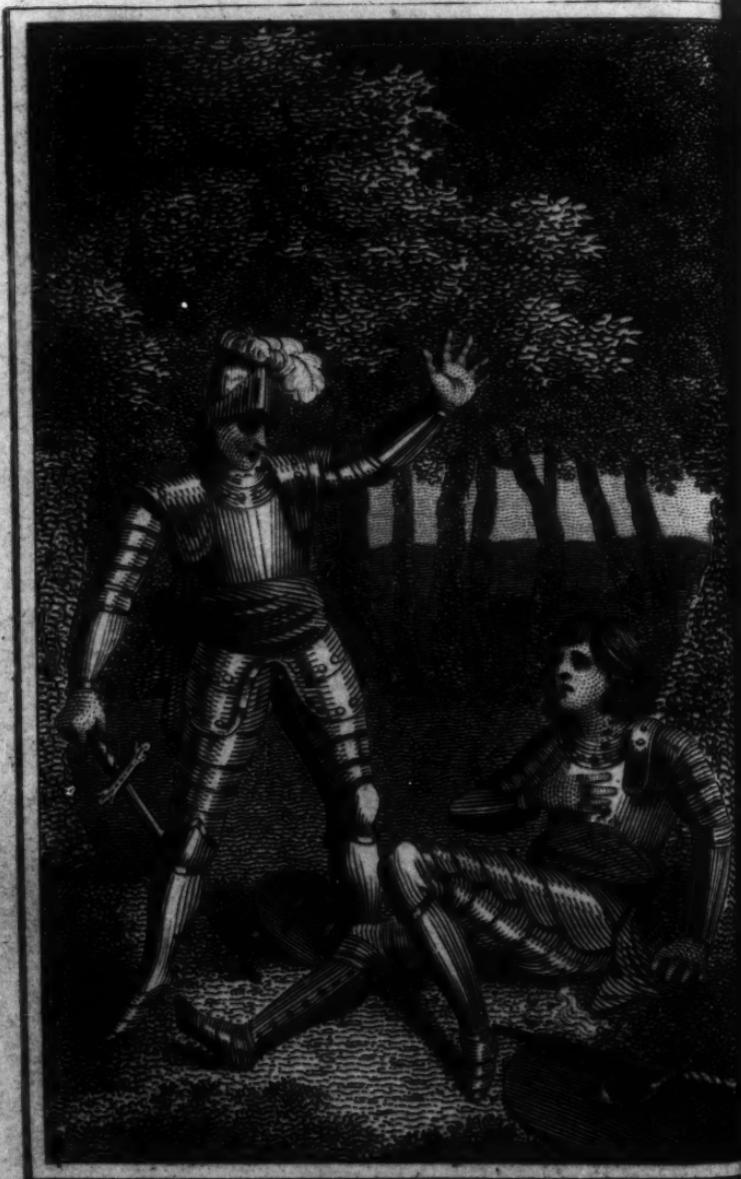
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THE BROTHERS.

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THE
BUDGET,
OR
MORAL AND ENTERTAINING
FRAGMENTS.
REPRESENTING
THE PUNISHMENT OF VICE,
AND
THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

LONDON:

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1799.

1817

1817

40

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pieces (excepting the story of JULIET, which is written by a gentleman, whose productions for the rising generations have been respectably received) are the first literary efforts of a young author, and were the mere amusement of his leisure hours. From the scrutinizing eye of criticism, he therefore hopes some little allowance will be made. He will only further say, that the object he had in view was to inculcate the maxims of VIRTUE, and defeat the inroads of VICE, in which, if he has succeeded in a few instances only, his time will not have been mispent.

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FRAGMENTS.

THE PRISON.

AN ANECDOTE.

Harsh, on its sullen hinge,
Grates the dread door: the massy bolts respond
Tremendous to the surly keeper's touch.
The dire keys clang, with movement dull
and slow,
While their behest the pond'rous locks perform.
And, fastened firm, the object of their care
Is left to solitude—to sorrow left!

DODD on *Imprisonment*.

DURING the time the Emperor Conrad reigned in Germany, he one day, whilst making the tour of his dominions, visited, in disguise, among others, the prison o Frankfort, in

order to inspect the building, and administer relief to those whom justice and offended laws had doomed there to reside. He was attended only by his principal favourite. After they had visited almost all the apartments, and were returning through a dark narrow passage, their ears were assailed by a deep groan, which seemed to proceed from an apartment on the right. After a short deliberation, the Emperor lifted up the latch, and, with his favourite, entered. But how shall pen describe the scene which presented itself! The walls were nothing but bare bricks, which, by the natural damp, the effect of the weather, and the breath of the numerous occupiers, which had contaminated them, were one sheet of un-

wholesome filth. The window was four iron bars crossed, without any glass; so that the cold penetrated with rigid severity. The floor was stone, and strewed with a thin supply of straw. On one part of the straw were stretched a man and woman, locked in the arms of each other, and to all appearance hearsed in death. In another part lay two children, the eldest apparently about six years, the youngest not more than four. They were both awake; and, starting up, ran towards their parents, whom they roused. They were surprised, and made a feeble attempt to rise, but were unable. With some difficulty, the Emperor and his attendant raised the man, and enquired the cause of his confinement; which, after much persuasion,

persuasion, he delivered in the following words: "Whoever thou art, " kind stranger, that thus feels the " force of humanity, believe me, you " are the only one who for five years " has deigned to bestow a friendly " look on the unfortunate Alberto. " I will relate the history of my mis- " series in few words. Indeed, my " strength will not permit me to say " much. A scanty supply of bread " and water each day will not " strengthen the constitution. But " to my subject. Pardon the di- " gression. My name is Alberto. I " am descended from an ancient fa- " mily in the north of Germany; and " was the only surviving son of a " numerous progeny. At the early " age of three years I sustained an " irreparable

“ irreparable loss in the death of my
“ mother; who, in her expiring mo-
“ ments, requested my father to pro-
“ ceed with care in my education.
“ That request (to do justice to his
“ memory) he strictly performed.
“ Without entering into a detail of
“ useless circumstances, it is suffi-
“ cient to say, that, when I was ar-
“ rived at the age of twenty, he also
“ died, and I was cast friendless on
“ the world. An immense fortune,
“ however, devolved to me by his
“ death; and I only wished for a fe-
“ male partner to share my happiness
“ (as my thoughts then were, I did
“ not expect to draw myself into mi-
“ sery and a dungeon). I soon found
“ one in the person of this once
“ beauteous female, who here lies

“ prostrate on the ground. Alas !
“ how changed ! For two years we
“ lived in the most perfect harmony ;
“ and Providence during that time
“ blessed me with two fine boys,
“ whom you here see ; the unhappy
“ children of unhappy parents. Oh !
“ generous stranger, could you but
“ know how my heart bleeds for the
“ innocent victims of my misfortunes,
“ you would wish you had never
“ seen me.—Once more, I pray you,
“ pardon the digression. It is weak-
“ ness, and the remembrance of what
“ I once was, that occasions it.—But
“ to my tale. When I had thus ar-
“ rived, as I thought, at the period
“ of all my wishes, an event occurred,
“ which convinced me of the frailty
“ of worldly happiness, and placed
“ me

“ me in the situation you now see.
“ I had formed an acquaintance with
“ a youth of my own age, named
“ Frederick de Barto. He was the
“ particular favourite of the now
“ king; and with a specious outside
“ covered a heart filled with the
“ blackest vices. I was ignorant of
“ his real character, imposed upon
“ by his false appearance, and in a
“ forgetful hour confided to him a
“ circumstance of the utmost im-
“ portance, on the secrecy of which,
“ in a great measure, the happiness
“ of my future life depended. He
“ promised, with repeated oaths, ne-
“ ver to disclose it. The villain then
“ thought he had imposed upon me
“ sufficiently; he invited me, a few
“ days after, to a banquet which he
“ intended

“ intended giving to the nobility of
“ the court, his Majesty himself
“ deigning to honour it with his pre-
“ sence. I accepted his invitation,
“ and went at the appointed time.
“ In the evening the glass circled
“ merrily round; and, in the height
“ of our mirth, the villain Barto rose
“ from his seat, and, with a loud
“ voice, proclaimed the secret I had
“ confided in him to the whole com-
“ pany. The consequence was, the
“ whole hall resounded with cries of
“ mockery and disdain. I was hooted,
“ laughed at, and became the dupe
“ of every one: some few, indeed,
“ felt for my situation, and pitied
“ me. Burning with resentment, I
“ quitted the hall, and for some time
“ roved disordered in the street, cur-
“ sing

“ sing my imprudence, which had laid
“ me open to the deceit of a villain.
“ The recollection of what I must
“ suffer henceforth drove me to dis-
“ traction. My exposure would not
“ be confined to the present moment,
“ but I should ever be the scoff of
“ those circles in which I had for-
“ merly trod with honour and dig-
“ nity. The transaction would be
“ every where published, and my fa-
“ mily serve for universal scandal.
“ Determined that such an act of
“ villainy should not go unpunished,
“ I entered a coffee-house, called for
“ pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a
“ challenge to Barto, which I sent
“ by a servant, with orders for it to
“ be delivered to him immediately.
“ I then went home, and hastily re-
“ tired

“ tired to bed, in order to avoid the
“ confusion which might be disco-
“ vered from my inward torture. I
“ rose early the next morning, and
“ repaired alone to the place where
“ I had appointed to meet my ad-
“ versary. I found him already in
“ waiting, attended by a villain of
“ his own cast. We prepared for
“ the combat; and, before I could
“ stand on my guard, Barto, equally
“ furious with myself, rushed on
“ without any regard to his personal
“ safety, and instantly met his fate.
“ His second (with a degree of vil-
“ lainy peculiar to him who had just
“ perished) swore that I had basely
“ murdered his friend, without giv-
“ ing him time to prepare. I denied
“ the charge, and nothing but his
“ swift

“ swift retreat could have prevented
“ my sacrificing him also. After the
“ first transports of my passion were
“ over, I judged my situation dan-
“ gerous; but, disdaining a mean re-
“ treat, for an action which I thought
“ justified itself, after a short delibe-
“ ration, I went home, where I al-
“ ready found the officers of justice,
“ who seized and carried me before
“ the Emperor. How shall I express
“ my feelings, when I saw the infa-
“ mous friend of Barto stationed as
“ my accuser. But I endeavoured
“ to suppress my just indignation. I
“ pleaded hard in my own defence;
“ but, his Majesty having, by the
“ specious manner of Barto, been
“ greatly prepossessed in his favour,
“ and no one being witness of the
“ fact

“ fact but him who accused me, I
“ was doomed to death. But the
“ Emperor, thinking to moderate the
“ rigour of my punishment, ordered
“ my property and estates to be con-
“ fiscated, and myself to suffer per-
“ petual imprisonment. (Death would
“ have been much more preferable
“ than this moderation). I was ac-
“ cordingly placed in this loathsome
“ prison, where I have now languished
“ five years, without having found
“ one person to whom I could be in-
“ debted for a charitable look. Now,
“ generous stranger, you are ac-
“ quainted with my sad history, you
“ may either condemn or justify me;
“ but conscious innocence needs no
“ defence; and I here, in the pre-
“ sence of you both, call my God to

“ witness, that I am innocent of the
“ crime laid to my charge.”

The Emperor was so struck with this artless relation, that, after administering a temporary relief, he quitted the room, in order to hide his confusion; and, making himself known to the keeper, gave secret orders for the treatment of Alberto to be changed. The Emperor, determined to explore the end of this incident at his return to the capital, made strict enquiry after the man who had accused Alberto, and was informed that he had lately died, and in his last moments, stung with remorse for his treacherous behaviour towards Alberto, he had acquitted him in the most unquestionable manner. The Emperor, on the receipt of this intelligence, or-
dered

dered the captive and his family to be released, bestowed on them high honours, restored their possessions, and renewed their former happiness.

THE BROTHERS.

A MORAL TALE.

Fine is the secret, delicate the art,
To wind the passions, and command the heart!
For fancied ills to force our tears to flow,
And make the gen'rous soul in love with woe.
To raise the shades of heroes to our view,
Re-build fall'n empires, and old time renew.

TICKELL.

THE
IN those days when martial glory
was so much prevalent in the more
civilized nations of the globe, and
deeds of chivalry shone resplendent
throughout all Europe, Albert de
Moreton, and Walter his brother, two
young knights, about the age of each
other,

other, equally fired with that ardour for conquest, and ambition of popular favour, which prompted the knights of that time, waited with impatience to exert the courage of which they thought themselves possessed. An opportunity soon occurred.—We will, however, give some account of their birth. Humphry de Moreton, their grandfather, descended from a long race of noble ancestors, perished in a crusade against the Moors in the year 1330, leaving an only son, then in the twentieth year of his age. Two years after his father's death, this youth married Eleanor de Norford, daughter to a powerful baron of that name. By this lady he had two sons and a daughter, which were Albert, Walter, and Mary, who died in her infancy.

infancy. Twelve years after his marriage, the father of our heroes died, leaving his two sons, Albert and Walter, the former ten years old, the latter eight, to the care of their mother, who brought them up with the most fostering care, and indulgent love. At the age of fifty she also died, leaving them to the guidance of their own discretion. The time was now arrived, which both had so long anticipated; and an opportunity presented for them to exercise their valour in an expedition which Edward the Third was then fitting out against France. Having gained some military preferments, the two brothers embarked on board different vessels, at the head of their respective followers. In their passage, the ship of Albert was separated

rated from that of Walter, and never more heard of. On the landing of Walter, he made every enquiry concerning the fate of his brother, but in vain; no one could give him the least intelligence. For some months he was almost disconsolate; and nothing but the rising glory which he daily acquired, and the continual variation of objects around him, could have, in any degree, abated his sorrow. And oft, when enjoying a social friend, in the height of jollity and happy mirth, dull thoughts would interpose; and the recollection how complete his happiness would be, had he but the company of his dear Albert to share it, deadened the vigour of pleasure, and forced him to retire and conceal his tears. For five years he continued

continued abroad, and then returned to his native country, in order to gain, if possible, intelligence of his brother. In vain he sought him in those places where he had so often accompanied him; in vain he enquired of those to whom he was united by the ties both of friendship and birth; no one could give him the least information, nor the most distant ray of hope. Distracted and forlorn, he wandered in the most abject melancholy. Every one advised him to give over the search, and forget the memory of one who was most likely, ere now, enveloped in dust. Overcome by intreaties, he retired to his abode, with an intention of spending the remainder of his days in privacy and retirement. But his martial spirit,

rit, still continuing, would not suffer him to remain tranquil; and a fresh war breaking out, he prepared to join the combatants, sold off all his estates, and quitted England, with a fixed determination never to return. After three more years spent in warlike exercises on the continent, he set out with an intention of making a pilgrimage to Rome, and there end his life in penitence and prayer. On his way thither, passing through the Milanese, he heard that the flames of war were kindled in Castile. At this information, his restless spirit, and ambition of martial glory, made him neglect all those thoughts of prayer which he had before cherished; and every incident served to confirm his intention of taking part in the contest.

test. Changing, therefore, the course of his journey, he made the best of his way for the scene of war, and arrived there just as the English army had commenced its operations. His high birth and riches, but, above all, his good qualities, and the reputation of his extraordinary valour, soon procured him a distinguished command. Still, however, his thoughts were constantly turned on the fate of his brother; and no event, however fortunate or cheerful, could banish the remembrance of him. In this situation he remained for some months longer, until the memorable battle of Najara, fought by Edward Prince of Wales, and Henry of Ranstamere. Young Walter, anxious to stamp his fame in that part of the world, led on his troop

troop to the charge, and broke and put to the rout the first line which he attacked. Returning in triumph to the main body of the English, he for a moment deliberated on what plan he should adopt, when, casting his eye around, he perceived on a distant quarter of the field, at the head of a numerous body of troops, a knight fighting most valiantly, and in all appearance determined to conquer or die. Impatient to try the fortune of arms with so gallant an adversary, he charged that body at the head of his troop, penetrated alone into the Castilian ranks, and engaged hand to hand with the knight above-mentioned. The troops on both sides, anxious to prevent the loss of their commander, rushed between and

parted them, the inferior soldiers still continuing the combat, until very few remained effective. The Castilians were at length routed, and retreated in dismay. The Castilian knight did all in his power to rally his disordered troops, but his efforts were useless, and he was compelled to retreat; still, at every interval, suddenly facing about, and sacrificing an enemy. The victorious Walter, and his brave opponent, panting to engage each other a second time, were insensibly separated from their respective followers. Then the Castilian knight, wheeling into a wood, halted, and challenged Walter to the combat. The latter readily accepted it. They prepared. Each fixed his lance in his rest, and assaulted his adversary with

with the greatest firmness and address. Deeming this method of combating too tardy, they dismounted, and fought with their sabres. The grove resounded with the echo of their strokes. A thousand sparks flew from the arms of each other, whilst the feathered songsters winged from their nests, chirping to each other, in complaining notes, terror and confusion. After a furious and doubtful combat, victory decided in favour of Walter; who, by a dexterous manœuvre, disarmed the Castilian, and thrust him in the body. The wounded knight fell; his helmet rolled off, and displayed the individual, the self-same countenance of Albert. It was Albert, the long-lost brother of the now completely distracted Walter. How

can pen describe their terror, their despair, and astonishment! How shall painter display, in true colours, the calm, the serene, the forgiving countenance of the vanquished hero, or the misery, the anguish, the disorder of the victor. The unhappy Walter first broke silence, and exclaimed: "Oh! my brother; after ten years impatient tedious absence, must we meet in death! And I thy murderer! Oh! Heaven! hurl down upon me all thy vengeance. Fulminate against me misery on misery, and every thing most wretched; but spare my brother, let my Albert live." "Peace, my beloved Walter" (with a faint voice) cried the dying Albert; "the will of Heaven be done. In its most secret

D

" and

“ and excluded actions, it still ha-
“ good. Weep not at my fate, bu-
“ rather pour out thanks for my de-
“ livery from a world of troubles.”
“ Oh! my Albert,” replied Walter,
“ by what strange accident do I find
“ thee here? Was it for this tha-
“ we were parted. Was it for this
“ that Heaven commanded the raging
“ sea to separate us. Oh! that my
“ death, ten thousand deaths, could
“ save thee. Here would I sit, un-
“ mindful of my fate, encounter all
“ that mortal life is capable of bear-
“ ing, and with every pang exclaim,
“ Penance for my fatal rashness!”
“ Do not distress me in my last mo-
“ ments,” cried the heroic Albert;
“ a little while, and I shall cease to
“ live. Yet, ere my soul departs
“ from

had " from this mass of clay, I will en-
but " deavour to satisfy you respecting
y de " my present station. Listen, then,
les. " to my misfortunes; I will relate
alter " them in few words."

THE RELATION OF ALBERT.

" After we were separated in our
" passage from England, the ship
" which carried me was driven by
" contrary winds to a great distance
" from the port where our fleet
" intended to rendezvous. Hav-
" ing been beat about for many
" hours, the wind abated, and a dead
" calm followed. This, however, did
" not long continue; in the evening the
" sky became overcast, and a dreadful

“ storm arose, which lasted for three
“ days with the most raging fury.
“ Our bark was driven we knew not
“ whither, till, at the end of that
“ time, she ran ashore on the coast
“ of Turkey, where with difficulty
“ our languid and half-starved crew
“ escaped with their lives, but only
“ to endure greater hardships. We
“ wandered up the country in search
“ of provisions; but had scarcely pro-
“ ceeded a mile before we were sud-
“ denly seized by a party of the in-
“ habitants, and carried prisoners to
“ Tunis. After being several days
“ confined in a most loathsome pri-
“ son, we were conducted to the mar-
“ ket-place, in order to be sold as
“ slaves. The villains, however, had
“ stripped us of every thing valuable,
“ and

“ and clothed us in rags. Having stood exposed several hours, a rich merchant entered the market-place, paid the Turks my ransom, and carried me home to his house. On my arrival there, I was immediately conducted into the garden, and taught the art of husbandry. In this situation I continued near seven years, when my master died; but was so well pleased with my services, that, finding the approach of his dissolution, he was so generous as to give me liberty; and, being in great intimacy with some officers of state, procured me a safe passport through the Turkish dominions. He likewise confirmed his generosity by presenting me with a sum of money for my present

“ sent necessaries. I then departed
“ from Tunis, with an intention of
“ re-visiting my native country. But
“ my evil fortune still attended me.
“ I was a second time shipwrecked,
“ and cast ashore on this kingdom.
“ Notwithstanding I had endured,
“ for a long course of years, the
“ greatest confinement, my martial
“ spirit still continued; and, having
“ no means of subsistence, I was com-
“ pelled, from mere want, to enter
“ into the service of Henry, as a private
“ soldier; and, having performed some
“ trifling exploits, was promoted to
“ the unfortunate dignity in which
“ you now see me. You are now
“ acquainted with the whole of my
“ narrative since our separation; and,
“ as it hath pleased Heaven that we
“ should

“ should meet in death, let us resign
“ ourselves to its will, and murmur
“ not at its decrees. And now, may
“ that Power which has hitherto
“ fondly cherished thee, give thee
“ grace to tread the path of honour;
“ may faith and prudence guide thy
“ actions; may the blessing of God
“ Almighty attend thy enterprizes;
“ and may we joyfully meet together
“ at the last day in the realms of
“ Heaven, there to enjoy for ever
“ unutterable and never-fading bliss!”

With these words, the noble youth
fell from the arms of his distracted
brother; his eye closed, he heaved a
sigh, and changed to lifeless clay.
What were the emotions of Walter,
on witnessing the last expiring mo-
ments of his beloved brother! To
see

see that brother, the pride of his heart, and whose every wish coincided with his own, perishing beneath his own murderous arm ! To behold that form, once so noble, now a corpse, cold, inanimate, and disgusting.— Words cannot picture his distraction. That Almighty Power, who gave being to all, would not suffer him to inflict violence on himself ; but the paroxysm of grief operated with such instant force, that he fell lifeless on the body of his brother.

ZELPHOR.

AN EASTERN STORY.

Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase.

THOMSON.

REPINE not, O man, at the state
in which thou art placed. Cement
thy heart with content, and the gilded
scene of luxury will vanish as a dream,
no longer making impression than
whilst before thy eyes. Treasure in
thy mind content and happiness, and
thou shalt enjoy that comfort not to
be found in an hundred diadems.
To-night thou shalt sleep sound, from
the

the fatigue of the day, and to-morrow rise with chearfulness to thy labour. In possession of content, the courtly smiles of happiness will grace the humble cot, whilst the mansion of splendour is enveloped with sorrowing care. From the example of Zelphor learn, and be prudent.

Zelphor, the son of Amos, was born in the valley of Lemo, in the kingdom of Persia. His father was of noble birth; but, weary of the intrigues of a court, and the deceit of sycophants, retired in disgust from the service of his king. In the valley of Lemo he fixed his habitation. Though still in the bloom of life, he professed himself disgusted with its various forms, and declared his avowed intention of spending his days in retirement.

retirement. His hours of recreation were spent in the society of learned men, and the admiration of the youthful Zelphor, whose exquisite beauty and ripening talents were the source of his continual joy. The early days of Zelphor were spent in the amusements of youth, and the instruction of the chase, the practice of which his indulgent father earnestly recommended, in order that he might be inured to danger, and be able to brandish the weapon of destruction, when his country should awake its heroes to glory. At the age of fifteen, when his qualities discovered themselves, and his temper gave rise to suggestions of what might be his future conduct, then it was that Amós his father saw his hopes blighted, and

the

the ideas which he had formed, of the comfort to be enjoyed in the possession of his son, totally frustrated. Then it was that Zelphor displayed that discontent which was afterwards the cause of much unhappiness both to himself and the good Amos his father. The heart of Zelphor was ever seeking for an imaginary good, which it knew not;—for trifles beneath its notice;—for powers beyond its conception;—for happiness, which it was ever avoiding. The youthful Zelphor, instead of endeavouring to check this failing, cherished it; he was discontented with his lot, he knew not why. Though possessed of every thing which affluence could bestow, or mortal want, he still was unhappy. For some years he possessed this unfortunate

fortunate failing, his doating parent did all in his power to check the malady, but in vain. Zelphor was now arrived at the age of twenty years without having changed his conduct, when an event happened which banished his discontent, restored him to happiness, and taught him the lesson of wisdom which he had hitherto neglected.

One evening, whilst chasing the panther, the animal retreated into a thick wood, and Zelphor, carried on by his eagerness for the chase, and ambition of victory, was insensibly separated from the rest of the horsemen, and the swiftness of the animal exceeding that of his courser, he stopped, and dismounting, laid on the ground by way of resting

himself for a few minutes. He had scarce laid down before he fell into a sound sleep, and Morpheus presented the following vision : A reverend sage, whose grey hairs, and long extended beard, bespoke his years, appeared before him, and speaking in an authoritative tone, exclaimed : "Hearken ! thou child of discontent, to the words of age—Reflect with sorrow on the many happy hours destroyed by thy unavailing turbulence—Why dost thou complain ? Art thou in want of gold ?—of cloathing ?—of an habitation ? No ! And yet thy soul is ever reaching after what it neither knows nor conceives. But since thou hast not felt the blast of necessity, attend and see it." With these

these words the sage (as he imagined in his vision) led him to the top of a high mountain, where he had a full view of the wide extended realms of Persia. “Mark what I shall shew thee,” cried the sage, “and if thou dost not then acknowledge that happiness is in thy power, I will abandon thee to miseries beyond an idea! To begin—Take notice of that miserable object in yonder dungeon; thou may’st perhaps think that he is placed there as a punishment for having offended the laws; but far different is the cause. This man, loaded with chains, suffers from the perfidy of one who professed himself his friend, but who, not content with

E 2 “having

“ having seduced his wife, and aban-
“ doned her to infamy and despair,
“ in order to escape the punishment
“ due to his own villainy, has falsely
“ accused the unhappy husband of
“ crimes too vile to be mentioned,
“ and, in consequence of superior
“ birth and power, he is enabled to
“ keep him in that dungeon, where
“ it is most likely he will spend the
“ remainder of his days. To aug-
“ ment his misfortune, his friends, be-
“ lieving him to be culpable, have
“ neglected him, and he is left with-
“ out even the cheering consolation
“ of pity. Yet, shall his enemy es-
“ cape punishment? No! The day
“ will come when he shall be caught
“ in his own snares, and suffer
“ an

" an ignominious death. Again,

" turn, d bower, to 2000. 11

" Who is he that strays with melancholy footsteps in yonder shady bower? his name is Omar; he is a noble by birth, of higher rank than thee. This man, who pours forth such lamentations of sorrow, has just heard the bitterest news that human nature can possibly conceive. Attend his story, it regards thyself. Trained up from his earliest youth to unexhausting riches, he found himself happy in his days of childhood, with the possession of every thing he wished. But, like thee, at that period, when his good and evil qualities were budding forth, then his unsatisfied discontent ripened by degrees into

“ maturity ; though his days were
“ scenes of uninterrupted happiness
“ his groundless disquiet made them
“ appear an age of troubles. The
“ stage of manhood had scarce o'er-
“ took him, when he lost his father
“ Soon after this period he married
“ and has had three children. His
“ high birth and powerful friends at
“ court, added to his own abilities,
“ raised him, by degrees, to the digni-
“ ty of first minister of state. He
“ had not enjoyed this honour long
“ before his restless spirit moved him
“ to deeds which prudence would
“ have shunned. By dint of his
“ favour with the king, he had
“ prompted the monarch to engage
“ in a war with Circassia, and Oman
“ as an encouragement for the king's
“ army.

“ army to fight with greater firmness,
“ placed his three sons, the eldest
“ scarce eighteen years of age, at the
“ head of it. The news he has this mo-
“ ment received is, that the army of
“ the king is utterly overthrown,
“ and that his three sons have pe-
“ rished in the conflict. He is now
“ acquainted with real misery, and
“ laments, in bitter sorrow, his past
“ imprudence.—One more example
“ and I have done.

“ Attend to the plaints of him in
“ yonder garden. He is a veteran
“ soldier who has fought bravely, and
“ spilt his dearest blood in defence of
“ that country which now leaves him
“ in poverty and want. In want of
“ that store which thou knowest not
“ how

“ how to value. The fiftieth part
“ of thy wide domains would satisfy
“ his every necessity. His earliest
“ days were spent in the art of war,
“ and the continual study how he
“ could best be useful to his country.
“ He has seen four children perish in
“ its battles, and after having grown
“ old and weary in its service, is left
“ to dwindle in obscurity. Such is
“ the reward of merit ; and yet thou
“ art unhappy ; thou, whose habi-
“ tation breathes plenty, and whose
“ luxuries are unexhausting as the
“ bounteous gifts of nature ! Go,
“ Zelphor, reflect on what I have
“ shewn thee—Henceforth be wise ;
“ and learn that there is no condition
“ in life but what may still be worse.”

wod

At

At these words Zelphor awoke. He looked round for his instructor ; but recollecting himself, he mounted his horse, returned home, and ever afterwards was contented and happy.

ALCANOR AND ZARAN.

A MORAL TALE.

'Tis thus the pigmy sons of pow'r
Advance their vain parade !
Thus glitter in the darken'd h'our,
And like the glow-worms fade.

CUNNINGHAM.

ALCANOR, king of Georgia, possessed great courage and magnanimity. His court was splendid, and resorted to by the most learned men ; nor was he better known by his riches than by his deeds of bravery, which are to this day recorded in the Indies. He was merciful, undaunted, active, and of a martial spirit ; nor was his ability in

war superior to the policy of his government in peace. Such worth could not fail to excite envy. Among the most powerful of his neighbours was Zaran, king of Armenia; his empire was larger than that of Alcanor; but the superior judgment and discretion of the latter had rendered him more potent, inasmuch, that in a late war, Zaran had been completely humbled, and forced to accept of a disadvantageous peace. Burning with shame and resentment at the thought of being reduced as a dependent on one whose dominions were small, in his comparison with his own, he meditated continually how to throw off the yoke which so dishonourably lessened him in the eyes of his neighbours. For this purpose he assembled a most

a most powerful army, and without any previous declaration, entered the kingdom of Alcanor, marking his progress with horrid devastation. No sooner had his troops got possession of any town, but it was immediately plundered and reduced to ashes. Thus wreaking vengeance on the unfortunate peasants, whose only crime was that of being Georgians. Such are the miseries of war, and such the dire effects proceeding from the boundless ambition of princes. Terror and dismay spread to the capital of Alcanor. That monarch, with his usual activity and address, united his troops, and invited his subjects to rally round his standard and repel the invader. Fond of him to enthusiasm, they made every where a noble defence, whilst thousands

thousands flocked to his banners, but the superior power of Zaran overcame every obstacle, and victory crowned all his efforts. Nothing was to be seen around but the mangled corpses of the unfortunate peasants, and the smoaking ruins of those cities which dared to oppose him. Alcanor, irritated at the cruelty of the tyrant, advanced to attack him, and by one blow decide the fate of his kingdom. The two armies met about forty leagues from the capital, and a furious battle ensued. Alcanor did all in the power of a brave man, but fortune declared against him, he was put to the rout, and the greater part of his followers cut to pieces. The unhappy king thought to have made a stand at his capital; but he was

there likewise defeated, and forced to conceal himself, with a few followers, among the rocks and mountains, where they had nothing to subsist on but wild fruits, and the clear springs of water which rolled with gentle murmuring down the craggy heights. After some time, however, an opportunity occurred, and they escaped to the kingdom of Abyssinia, where Renolf, who was then king, received the exiled monarch with the respect due to his rank and virtues, ordered him apartments in his own palace, and even promised him assistance to regain his kingdom. Meantime Zaran, having been informed of Alcanor's escape, already began to shew his turbulence, by abusing his attendants with the greatest vexation. His

anger,

anger, however, soon subsided, and he began to think of new-organizing his late acquisition; but Zaran was unfit to govern two powerful kingdoms: young, ambitious, and haughty, his own territories had inspired him with the most pompous notions. His pride before did not pass unnoticed; but his arrogance now was intolerable.—He treated his nobles with the most haughty consequence and galling indifference.—They dare not remonstrate with him.—His prime minister having represented to him the danger which would be the effect of his behaviour, was degraded, and dismissed from his employment. Every action tended to increase the general hatred against him, and when the difference betwixt him and Alcanor

in the art of government was called to remembrance, the comparison seemed odious. During these transactions, Alcanor was busily employed at the court of Renolf in preparing to wrest from Zaran his tottering conquest. The friendly Renolf himself reviewed the troops destined for the expedition, and in a few months Alcanor and his nobles set forward with a potent army for the kingdom of Georgia; and whilst Zaran was indulging himself in the tumultuous revelry of his eastern pleasures, news suddenly came that Alcanor had gained a battle over the Armenians, and was in full march for the capital. Zaran, roused from his enjoyments, encouraged his soldiers, and waited with confidence the approach of his adversary. But that

ardou

ardour which had hitherto fired the Armenians was banished. Indulged for several months in the unbounded riot of conquerors, they had lost all that vigour which formerly braced their hardy nerves. Their numbers insensibly diminished, and Zaran himself foresaw the uncertainty of maintaining his conquests. Add to this, the peasants, disgusted with his tyranny, every where deserted him, and joined their former master. Zaran, however, still retained his own natural courage, and was not without hope that the example which he should give of his own bravery, would make his soldiers aspire to imitate him, and thereby make up his deficiency in the numbers by superiority of courage. — But how weak is human foresight !

E'er he could muster his battalions
he perceived the army of Alcanor in
full march against him, to the num-
ber of an hundred thousand combat-
ants. The tyranny of Zaran had
caused him so many enemies, that he
had to oppose this immense body with
less than half the number. Slowly
the lowering cloud, which notes the
approaching storm, the army of Alca-
nor descended the mountains, breath-
ing defiance against the throng of
Zaran. The two armies at last met
and fought with impetuous fury
from noon till sun-set the battle re-
mained in suspense, and seemed
worthy to decide the fate of a mighty
kingdom. The two monarchs were
every where seen encouraging their
followers, and inspiring them with
emulation.

emulation by their own example; but the slaughter approached its crisis; Zaran fell by an arrow, and from that moment the battle was at an end. His troops, every where routed, had no resource but flight. They were pursued to the capital, which opening its gates, the troops of Alcanor entered with them, and made a dreadful havock, till the monarch gave orders for them to desist. Of fifty thousand men, which Zaran fought with in the field, not one-tenth part escaped. Alcanor having rendered thanks to the Almighty for his victory, proceeded to reap the fruits of it, and entered the kingdom of Armenia in his turn. The confusion which every where prevailed, added to the presence of the conqueror, was

was productive of immediate submission; the people in all places yielded themselves prisoners; in a short time the conquest was finished; and Alcanor, whose heart was ever susceptible to the emotions of pity, placed the son of Zaran, a youth about fourteen years of age, on the Throne. As for himself, he retired to his own kingdom, covered with glory, and had the satisfaction of seeing himself blessed with a numerous progeny, his provinces restored to their former fruitfulness; and after reigning many happy years, he died, lamented by his people, beloved by his neighbours, and famed for his virtues. Titles which are a monarch's noblest epitaph.

THE CONTRAST.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

God in the nature of each being founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds;
But as he fram'd the whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants, built mutual happiness.

POPE.

JOHN and Henry were the only sons
of a rich merchant, formerly of the
city of London; but who had retired
from business, some years, to enjoy in
private the comforts of a plentiful for-
tune, the sole produce of his labour and
industry. Having had the misfortune
to lose his wife soon after the birth of
Henry (his youngest son), he applied
himself

himself wholly to the tuition of his children, and endeavoured to plant in their breasts, such an ardent affection for each other, as might be the means of preserving harmony between them all their lives. But the labours of Mr. Watson (that was his name) were fruitless ; and as his sons advanced in years, he perceived so wide a difference in their dispositions, that he despaired of being able to accomplish his wishes. John was rapacious, indolent, crafty, and malicious ; Henry benevolent, industrious, open, and forgiving. In their early years, by the authority of their father, they were kept in some degree of friendship, though the impetuous temper of John would often manifest itself on the slightest occasions. Henry was in his

seven-

seventeenth year, and John in his nineteenth, and consequently of an age sufficient to judge for themselves, when Mr. Watson suddenly expired in an apoplectic fit. The two brothers sincerely lamented his loss, and after the funeral rites were solemnized, proceeded to examine his papers, that they might discover in what manner he had disposed of his fortune; but after the strictest search, not the least appearance of a will could be found, or even the slightest testimony by which they could form any judgment of Mr. Watson's intentions. This furnished John with an opportunity of shewing his malicious disposition, by immediately separating from Henry, and refusing to part with the least share of his father's fortune. Henry was so

much affected at the cruel and inconsiderate behaviour of his unnatural brother, that he quitted the house with a fixed determination never to re-enter it. His amiable disposition had procured him so many friends, that he did not long remain unprovided for. By their interest, he was placed in a situation of great respectability. In a short time his employer was so well pleased with his talents, that he conceived a vast partiality towards him, and treated him in every respect as his own son. After continuing there about four years (during which time he had never seen his brother), he was by the interest of his master promoted to a respectable situation under government, which he filled with great credit. Henry's conduct

duct was universally remarked, as an example of the greatest propriety, whilst that of John was despised as an instance of the most extravagant and abandoned profligacy. The two brothers still continued apart from each other, and for the space of two years after Henry's admission to the post above-mentioned, he had never heard of John, when one day he was informed a very shabby man passionately requested to see him. Anxious to see the intruding stranger, he ordered his servants to admit him; but what were his emotions when he discovered him to be his brother! But how different from what he once was!—No longer the gay, the sprightly, the affluent; but the dejected, the melancholy, the out-cast. For some time,

astonishment in the one, and shame in the other, caused silence in the two brothers, which was at last interrupted by John, who exclaimed, "Oh! " Henry, can I expect after my indignant and unworthy treatment of " you, that you should retain any " marks of affection for me? No! " I have forfeited them all for ever " by my unnatural behaviour; yet " do not turn in disgust from the " sincere repentance of a criminal: " Oh! My brother! Whatever have " been my offences, I have suffered " sufficiently for them; behold me " now at your feet, in want of every " nourishment, without friends, and " without money sufficient to procure " a meal, for which nature now craves " with the most insupportable agony.

" Believe

“ Believe me, nothing could ever
“ have prompted me to make this
“ application but the severe wants I
“ have named, and a firm confidence
“ that your infinite goodness would
“ feel for my miseries, though justice
“ could not with propriety forgive
“ the past.”

“ Rise, my brother,” cried the generous Henry, “ Heaven knows with
“ what sorrow I left you, and I have
“ long since forgot my injuries;” you
“ are too good,” answered John,
“ yet dare I ask that you will receive
“ me again as a brother?”

“ As a brother?” replied Henry,
“ I know you by no other name;” at
the same time, embracing him with
the most ardent affection.

“ Oh! Henry,” cried John, “ had
I but

“ I but known the value of your
“ love, I should not have treated you
“ with so much indignity ; but daz-
“ zled with the sight of so much
“ riches, I was tempted to engrofs
“ them wholly to myself, and behold
“ the issue. I have squandered away
“ my patrimony on a parcel of worth-
“ less wretches, who have neglected
“ me, and left me to starve in the
“ hour of distress.”

“ Moderate your transports,” re-
plied Henry, “ in me you shall find
“ both a friend and a brother.”

The generous youth kept his word.
In a few days John resumed his former
appearance of a gentleman. By the
endeavours of Henry, he was pro-
moted to a post under government,
and filled it with honesty and probity
the remainder of his life. Alas!

Alas ! how wide is the difference betwixt man and man !—That those who were evidently formed for the protection and consolation of one another, should be the formost to seek each other's ruin. And how uncertain the state of mortals—that he who supposes himself now at the summit of happiness, and beyond the reach of misfortune, may, in one short period, be plunged into an abyss of sorrow and despondency. Let not the rich man spurn his inferior with disdain, for the wheel of fortune is changeable, and he may perhaps ere long be compelled to solicit the favours of that man whom he now treats with such indignity.

HENRY AND JULIA.

A MORAL TALE.

O happiness! thou empty name!
Say, art thou bought by gold or fame?
What art thou, gold! but shining earth?
Thou common fame! but common breath!

BROOME.

IN one of the southern provinces of France lived a rich nobleman, named the Count Floreau. His possessions were splendid, and his mansion decorated with every ornament that taste or elegance could inspire, which, added to a kind and charitable heart, endeared him to the surrounding country. The peasants every where received

received constant proofs of his bounty, and their lips re-echoed his praise. His only failing was, a strong tincture of family pride, which sometimes prevented him from discerning true merit. He was left a widower at the age of thirty, with an only son named Henry, then in the fourth year of his age. Young Henry, as he grew up, inherited all the qualities of his father, excepting the failing above-mentioned. In every action he gave proofs of a benevolent heart: anxious to promote the welfare of mankind, and studious to preserve it. At the age of nineteen, he formed an acquaintance with a beautiful female, named Julia de Rouffe. She was the daughter of a veteran officer, who had

had perished in the service of his country, and left her an orphan. Her qualities were amiable and striking; and though she could not boast of wealth, she was rich in the possession of the most feeling mind. Her slender purse was ever open to the wants of her fellow creatures, and the calls of distress never solicited her in vain. Such was the female who possessed the affections of Henry. Knowing the temper of his father, the youth endeavoured to keep the correspondence a secret till an opportunity should present for their union. For some time he succeeded; but at last the news reached the ears of his father. Immediately the old gentleman's affection for him turned into vexation

vexation and anger, and one day calling the youth into a private closet, he spoke to him as follows :

“ Henry, you well know that from “ the earliest period of your birth, I “ have given you the most convincing “ proofs of my affection; to train you “ in the paths of gentility, and bestow “ upon you a liberal education, has “ ever been my constant study. Yet “ you forget those events, you neglect “ all those advantages which your “ birth, your fortune, and your man- “ ners promise you, and have formed “ a connection without my know- “ ledge, disgraceful to yourself, and “ reproachful to your family.— “ Such is the return to my kind- “ ness.”

At

At this sudden and unexpected declaration, the youth stood astonished and confused; but, after some time, recollecting himself, he said—

“ Sir, I acknowledge that I have
“ been much to blame in concealing
“ so long a connection, which I ought
“ to have disclosed to you the first
“ moment: yet though the object of
“ my affections cannot boast of riches,
“ she inherits those qualities which
“ give pleasure to all who know her,
“ and endear her to society. See her,
“ my Lord, let me intreat you to take
“ an opportunity of watching her
“ motions, and discovering her real
“ character; and I trust you will not
“ think her unworthy of my love.”

The Count darting at him a look of mingled

mingled anger and contempt, spoke as follows: ~~now styled orianus ad~~

“ So, Sir, you persist in disobeying my wishes, you will sacrifice your dearest prospects to this woman, and, like an ungrateful viper, oppose the father who fostered and cherished you in his bosom ? Be it so, but henceforth you are no longer a part of my family—Take your choice instantly ; either break off the connection, or leave my house. In the latter case, I will present you with the sum of five hundred louis d'ors, to defray your present expences ; but never hope for farther proofs of my bounty.”

“ My Lord,” answered Henry, “ will you not allow me a little time to consider your proposition.”

“ No,”

“I No,” replied the Count, “chuse
“ the alternative before you quit the
“ room.”

“ My Lord,” exclaimed Henry,
“ It is with grief I must inform you,
“ that I cannot accede to the terms
“ you propose; in that case it would
“ only be making promises which it
“ never will be in my power to per-
“ form, and render my life a prey to
“ anguish.”

“ Irreverend boy,” replied the
Count, “ prepare for your departure
“ this moment, and never dare to
“ come into my presence again.”

With these words he rushed out of
the room, leaving our hero in the
greatest distress of mind; but it was
of no consequence.—His love for Ju-
lia bore down every obstacle, and he

was

was resolved to sacrifice every thing for her sake. The Count determined to execute his intention with the most rigid severity, and insisted upon young Henry leaving the house that very day, which order he obeyed, attended by a faithful servant. He immediately hastened to his beloved Julia, and pressed her in the most eloquent terms to marry him directly, which she, after much hesitation, complied with. The fury of the Count on hearing this piece of intelligence is impossible to be described ; he gave the servants express orders not to admit his son, and declared his positive resolution never to see him more. Young Henry now found himself in a very disagreeable situation ; he had no friends, no employment, or any prospect,

prospect, by which he could secure to himself a genteel subsistence. The five hundred louis d'ors, which his father had presented to him, would go but a very little way towards supporting that sphere of life which he had hitherto maintained; and when that sum was gone, to whom could he apply for more? When these thoughts presented themselves he would, at times, be thoughtful, and melancholy, yet the society of his amiable wife meliorated his situation, and afforded him comfort in the most trying scenes.

Some months had now passed since his departure from the Count, who still persisted in his refusal to see him: what resource was left in this case? His Julia was consulted, and by her advice

advice he wrote a penitential letter to his father, describing his wants, and what must henceforward be his fate if he refused to relieve him. The Count (who, though he was soon offended, and could not bear the least opposition to his will, was a man of sound judgment, and of a forgiving temper) was roused at the idea of his son being reduced to want, which would be inconsistent with the well-known splendor of his family, and render him in the eyes of most people a too severe parent; he therefore, after much consideration, sent him the following answer:

“ HENRY,

“ Contrary to my express desire,
“ and the injunction which I laid

“ upon you at parting, you appeal
“ to me for relief again. It is no
“ more than I expected. From your
“ opposition to my wishes, and ob-
“ stinate denial to my will, I fore-
“ saw you would be reduced to the
“ station in which you now are; such
“ is the result of your imprudent con-
“ duct.—On hearing that you had
“ united yourself in marriage to the
“ woman of my disgust, I almost
“ vowed never more to notice you;
“ but I find I am no more than mor-
“ tal; I feel the weakness of huma-
“ nity, and I submit to the impulse
“ of my feelings; but those feelings
“ are not the consequence of affection
“ —no! you have forfeited that claim
“ from me; I no longer acknowledge
“ you as my son, and my only mo-

“ tive

“ tive in relieving you now, is the
“ consideration for the fate of the in-
“ nocent offspring which may be the
“ fruits of your marriage, and I
“ would not have the unconscious in-
“ fant suffer for the offences of its
“ parents. Yet know, proud boy, I
“ can still resent an injury and punish
“ the authors of it ; but I suppress
“ my resentment. Pity, for what may
“ be your future situation, has gained
“ an ascendancy in my bosom, and I
“ send you, by the bearer, two thou-
“ sand louis d'ors, as the last mark
“ of my notice. With that sum I
“ advise you (not as a father, as a
“ stranger) to purchase a Lieutenancy
“ or Captaincy in some regiment,
“ and, perhaps, henceforth, when you
“ may feel the pangs of want, you

“ will think on your aged father, and
“ curse yourself for disobeying his
“ decrees,

“ FLOREAU.”

On receiving this letter, the mingled passions of joy, contrition, and regret, crowded the breast of Henry. The joy which he discovered at the sight of the two thousand louis d'ors almost plunged him into a phrenzy. He knelt down, and bestowed on his generous sire a thousand benedictions, imploring from the throne of Heaven all its blessings on his too good father. Contrition and regret then troubled him equally. A thousand times he was on the point of returning to the Count, and begging forgiveness; then, again, the express denial

denial of him in the letter checked his impetuosity; he regretted the blindness of the Count to the captivating charms of his Julia, and shed floods of tears.

On consideration, however, he judged it proper to secure to himself some dependence, and, following the direction of the Count, on the first vacancy purchased a commission in a regiment of foot; and about a month after received orders to attend his company into Flanders against the Imperialists. Thither his amiable wife attended him, insensible to the fatigues and hardships of the march; but the crisis approached which was to put the affection of all parties to the test. One evening, the regiment to which Henry belonged, marched with

with some more troops to surprize a distant quarter of the enemy's camp. In their way they were obliged to cross a rivulet, in the midst of a dark wood intersected with bushes. Unfortunately the Imperialists had, the day before, been informed of their intention, by a deserter, so that when about half their force had crossed the rivulet, they were surrounded by a strong party of the enemy, and completely routed. Our hero, after having performed prodigies of valour, was wounded by a musket ball, and would have remained a prisoner had it not been for the exertions of two brave soldiers who, taking him up in their arms, plunged into the stream, and conveyed him in safety to the opposite shore. He was carried back to the camp

camp without any signs of life ; but proper medicines being administered, and above all, the presence of his beloved spouse consoling him, he in a short time recovered so much as to be pronounced out of danger. In the mean time the Count receiving intelligence of his son's misfortune, and the great apprehensions universally entertained, immediately set out for the camp. He felt the affection of a father increasing every moment, and before he had proceeded half way on his journey, was fully bent on an unconditional reconciliation and pardon of his son. He arrived at the camp about the time when Henry had revived so far as to talk with some degree of cheerfulness. To describe the

meeting

meeting would require a more able pen than mine, suffice it to say, that the brightening prospect of every object around effected the recovery of Henry, and the old Count, during the illness of his son, having frequent opportunities of observing the unremitting assiduity, and amiable qualities of the beauteous Julia, every where acknowledged her as his daughter, and blamed himself for being so long insensible to her merit. The succeeding period of their lives was a continual source of uninterrupted happiness, diffusing joy to the surrounding country, whilst the eyes of the grateful poor beamed forth contentment, and their lips implored blessings on their generous benefactors.

No

Nor were the two soldiers forgotten; by the interest of the Count they were in time promoted to the rank of commissioned officers, and rose to eminence in the service.

THE

THE ADVANTAGES OF INDUSTRY.

A TALE.

Then patient bear the sufferings you have
earn'd,

And by these sufferings purify the mind ;
Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd,
Or pious die, with penitence resign'd.

THOMSON'S *Castle of Indolence*,

IN the North of England were the estates of two farmers, the one named Crawford, the other Harvey. Both of them possessed extensive lands; but they were of a disposition widely different. The former was of disgusting manners, proud, haughty, and indolent, and reputed extremely rich;

the latter was of a mild temper, affable, condescending, and though not supposed to be very rich, his industry promised, in the course of a few years, to remedy that defect in the most ample manner.

The business of Mr. Crawford was left entirely to the management of his servants, as he thought it disgraced him to be seen in the common affairs of trade. By this means some things were finished, many left unfinished, and by far the most part spoiled for want of proper care being taken of them. If any one remonstrated with him upon the ruinous situation of any part of his estate, he would reply, "I am rich, and why should I trouble myself with the care of such vile employments. I leave the transacting all

this part of the business to my servants, whose place it is to look after it. I will speak to them."

But this was to no purpose. The master who is idle seldom finds his servants industrious. So it was with Mr. Crawford; he complained to his men that such things were unfinished, they promised to complete them; but that was never done, their master was absent, and they spent the greater part of their time in idleness.

On the other side, Mr. Harvey was of a disposition the contrary to this in every respect. He was not mercenary, yet he would see nothing wasted for want of attention. He rose early, and was in the fields almost with the lark, overlooking his workmen, whilst Mr. Crawford seldom found his way

out till ten o'clock, and then, instead of attending to his business, rode out to view races or hunt. The fertile fields of Mr. Harvey presented a striking contrast to the uncultivated half-finished grounds of his neighbour; and the produce of the crops belonging to the former generally exceeded, in quality and quantity, twice the value of those of the latter.

Mr. Harvey, notwithstanding his finances were but low on first setting out in trade, delighted in doing good actions, and relieving his poor neighbours. Not a peasant upon his estate but had a share of his bounty, and his name was re-echoed with praise for miles around his habitation. The blessings of the poor attended his endeavours, and he prospered. He had

once requested of Mr. Crawford the loan of a sum of money, but the latter refused it with indignation, telling him, with scorn, that he must work hard, and earn it. Notwithstanding the unkindness of this behaviour, he bore no hatred against him, but spoke of him with the greatest well-meaning.

By his industry and care in the affairs of trade, in the course of three or four years, he had amassed a considerable sum of money, not by monopolizing and secreting his stock of wheat, but by dealing honestly and fairly by all with whom he had any concerns. His fortune still kept increasing, and in a very little time he was reputed extremely rich. In the mean time, the affairs of Mr. Crawford

ford daily declined, and he saw, with regret, his fortune visibly decreasing, and that in a short time he must be reduced to poverty. His fears were realized. His creditors soon became clamorous, and not being able to satisfy their demands, his property was seized, and himself confined in prison. In this situation he applied for assistance to Mr. Harvey, whom he had greatly ill-treated when flourishing in prosperity. Mr. Harvey, though his heart bled at viewing the distresses of his neighbour, was willing, for his own good, that he should be punished in some degree for his rough inconsiderate manners. He therefore sent for answer, that he might lie in prison and repent, and desired him to recollect his treatment

of him, some years ago, when in the like predicament.

At this harsh reproof, Mr. Crawford's conscience flashed with shame. He remembered the circumstance with sorrow, and pride made him unhappy at being scoffed at by the man whom, of all others, he would most have forborne applying to, had it been in his power to avoid it. He determined to endure his fate, and no longer be exposed to refusals from any one.

Meantime, Mr. Harvey, whose harsh reply had only been a pretence to cover the better purposes which he intended, was busily employed in compromising the affairs of Mr. Crawford. He had several interviews with the creditors, and, after indefatigable

en-

endeavours, succeeded in settling the business in a manner extremely favourable to the imprisoned unfortunate. As soon as he had thus brought matters to a crisis, he hastened to the place of Mr. Crawford's confinement.

The latter viewed him with mingled shame and hatred, whilst Mr. Harvey tenderly enquired after his health.

“What,” cried he, “are you not content with abandoning me to my fate, but you must insult me! “What is the satisfaction you find in ridiculing me? Leave the apartment.”

“Mr. Crawford, you wrong me—“My appearance here is not to upbraid you, though you well deserve it for the treatment I have met with from you—No; I come to bring you better

“ better news. You are free, and we
“ will now depart.”

Mr. Crawford could not believe but that what he saw was a dream, until the gaoler opening the door, and bidding them begone, he was convinced of the truth ; but how can his feelings be described, when he was informed of the means by which his liberty was procured. He knelt at the feet of Mr. Harvey, and whilst he wished to pour forth his thanks, his tears denied them utterance.

“ Forgive,” at last, said he, “ my
“ past behaviour, my future life shall
“ be employed in rewarding you for
“ the goodness you have shewn to
“ one who treated you so unkindly.”

“ No more of these acknowledgements,” cried Mr. Harvey, “ I am
“ willing

“ willing to see you reinstated in your
“ former situation, therefore, if you
“ have any inclination, here is a sum of
“ money which will enable you again
“ to commence trade.”

At the same time pulling out a purse—Mr. Crawford accepted the offer with thankfulness and joy; and his features expressed his feelings more than words could do. In a few days he regained possession of his farm, and ever after attended to his affairs with such exertion, that in the course of seven years he realized an ample fortune, and lived in terms of friendship with Mr. Harvey the remainder of his life.

Such are the advantages arising from industry.

THE BENEFIT OF EXAMPLE.

Not all are bless'd whom fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains ;
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell ;
*Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.

COLLINS's Eclogues.

IN one of the western counties of England lived a gentleman named Dargold, possessed of great property. He was a man of boisterous manners and unfeeling disposition, and though blessed with immense riches, never performed a good action. If the poor

made

made any application at his gate, they were turned from it with the most scoffing and hard-hearted treatment; and indeed his universal character was marked with barbarity and sullenness.

At the age of twenty-five he married a rich lady, named Shirley, who was perfectly the contrary in disposition and behaviour from her unfeeling spouse. It was wondered by many how she could consent to be united to a man who possessed not one good quality to recommend him, farther than a handsome person. Mrs. Dargold, by her goodness of heart, and the charitable acts which she performed in the surrounding neighbourhood, endeared herself to every one, and in a great measure soothed the hatred which was borne against her husband.

Mr.

Mr. Dargold, notwithstanding the roughness of his nature, was passionately fond of his wife, and listened with the utmost delight to whatever she said. Her constant study was endeavouring to persuade him from being so callous to misfortune, and in a short time she, in a little degree, softened his heart. Indeed, her charms were so irresistible, and her eloquence so enchanting, that no one of any feeling could weigh down her arguments when pleading in a good cause.

Mr. Dargold standing one day at his gate, was accosted by a black man, all in tatters, who, with the utmost earnestness, requested a few halfpence. Notwithstanding the beggar was deserving of charity, Mr. Dargold

gold refused, and in the harshest manner commanded him to be gone, telling him he should go and work.

The black replied, " ah ! Sir, I
" have worked constantly till within
" these few days, but my master
" having no farther occasion for my
" services, discharged me, and I have
" not been able to get employment
" since."

" Then," cried Mr. Dargold,
" there are places of resort in every
" parish for your reception."

" But why," said the black, " should
" I be a trouble to them, when I am
" able and willing to work."

" Then seek for it," replied the
barbarous man. After repeated intrea-
ties on the part of the beggar, and re-
fusals by Mr. Dargold, the latter

threatened to force him away, upon which the black, whilst tears started from his eyes, spoke as follows :

“ Mark me, Sir, you are a man
“ of an unfeeling disposition. You
“ are now rich, but you may soon be
“ poor. What satisfaction can it be
“ to you or any one else, to see your
“ fellow-creatures want, whilst your-
“ selves are rolling in plenty ? None !
“ But merely to indulge a savage tem-
“ per. You, perhaps, despise me be-
“ cause I am black ; but a black man
“ has feelings as well as a white man,
“ and is agitated by the same sense of
“ injuries. When in my own country,
“ I was reputed rich, like you, but
“ it pleased Heaven to destroy my
“ happiness, and rob me of every
“ thing. You may, ere long, be in
“ my

“ my state, and you will then remember me. You treat me with harshness, you know not why; I was stripped of every thing, and cast friendless on the world by the power of white men, and yet I would not harm one of your countrymen.”

During this conversation, a poor hard-working man passing by, had heard the speech of the black, and with a generosity but seldom seen, drew out from his pocket a leather purse, and shared with him a part of what it contained, at the same time saying—

“ Here, comrade, I am but a poor fellow, yet nevertheless I can save a little for distress, and as for yon gentleman who prides himself upon

“ his riches, and thinks it folly to do
“ a good action, why it will be seen
“ in the hour of death, which has
“ the best conscience, and whether
“ his gold will save him from the
“ grave.”

These sensible reproofs, spoken in Mr. Dargold's hearing, stung him to the quick. He had never been so much interested in any one's favour as in that of the black's, and there was something in the delivery of his language which found a way to his heart. He had mentioned also that he was once rich; that also was matter of wonder to him, for not having much care taken with his education, and being brought up with very narrow and confined actions, he could not possibly conceive how a person should

should be poor, after having been once affluent ; as it appeared to him, that riches once procured were endless treasures.

Another reason, likewise, operated very powerfully upon him. To be out-vied in generosity and spirit by a mere clown, lowered him so much in his own opinion, that it obliged him to summon up all his fortitude to withstand the shock of his own reflections.

These united passions working in his breast called his few good qualities into action. He therefore hasted after the two men, who were conversing at a distance, and desired them to return with him to the house, telling the black he should be glad, if it was

not too troublesome for him, to relate his story.

The black made answer and said :
“ Painful as the relation may be, I
“ will gratify your curiosity, and give
“ it in few words.”

“ I thought,” cried the honest countryman, as he followed them,
“ that the gentleman could not be so
“ hard-hearted as to refuse relief to
“ any one, when he saw them deserving of it.”

They then entered the house, and Mr. Dargold making known to his wife the cause of their troubling her, the good lady was in raptures at viewing the effects of her endeavours.

After the black had taken some refreshment, he began as follows :—

“ I was

“ I was born on the coast of Guinea, far from any white men, and made one among a principal tribe, headed by a valorous chief. United to one of our females, my days rolled on in happiness, and, for a time, the gentle gales of peace wafted to us success and pleasure. For three years we enjoyed the society of each other with mutual delight, till that accursed ambition which pervades the breasts of white men, drove their fatal barks of merchandize against our happy shores. I had been out with some of my companions, to chase the wild boar in the woods, when we heard the report of a gun, and soon after a boat, manned with white

“ white men. approached the shore.
“ We hasted to the village, where we
“ found a chosen band of warriors
“ armed to oppose our tyrannic in-
“ vaders. I instantly joined them,
“ and a fierce contest ensued between
“ the two parties. At the first onset
“ our enemies were routed, and dri-
“ ven from every quarter, when, un-
“ fortunately carried on by too active
“ an intrepidity, I, among several
“ others, was surrounded by the re-
“ treating party, and borne a prisoner
“ from my countrymen.

“ The white men escaped to their
“ ships and set sail. My agonies
“ during the voyage were beyond any
“ thing I can describe. But I pass
“ over that part of my sufferings, and
“ relate

“ relate that the ship sailed for Jamaica, which she reached in the ordinary time.

“ Arrived there in safety, we were instantly separated, and sent to different masters.

“ I shall not trouble you with the relation of my adventures during three years slavery in foreign countries, part of which time my sufferings would beggar description.

“ It is sufficient to say, that after having been sent from the West Indies to Lisbon, I contrived to escape from the latter place in an open boat, with only two days provision. In that situation I was met by an English ship, and brought hither, where I have lived five years,

“ unknown

“ unknown and unnoticed by any
“ one.”

The black here ended his story, which made great impression on Mr. Dargold. He had listened to the tale of his misfortunes with great attention, and plainly discovered the contrast between virtue and vice, and how much more pleasing it is to follow the former than the latter. He therefore set a resolution henceforth to do as many good actions as he could, and foresaw the satisfaction he should experience in thus acting. Addressing himself to the black, he asked him if he had any wish of returning to his native land.

The latter replied, “ No !” adding
“ My wife, in whom was all my joy,
“ I do

“ I do not doubt has been long dead
“ with grief for my loss, and my chil-
“ dren perhaps dead likewise. I am
“ used now to the manners of this
“ country, and would willingly stay
“ in it if I could find employment.”

Mr. Dargold then told him that he should no longer want employment; for that if he was willing, he would place him in a decent situation, in his own house, where he should be treated well by every one.

The poor black wept with joy, and falling at the feet of his protector, accepted with thankfulness the offer. He was immediately initiated in his new office, and spent the remainder of his days in happiness, blessing Mr. Dargold to his latest hour.

Mr.

Mr. Dargold then addressing himself to the countryman, and desiring him to return home, promised to reward him handsomely for his generosity, in which he kept his word.

Then turning to Mrs. Dargold, he embraced her with the utmost affection, saying,

“ To you, my lovely spouse, this
“ ray of generosity is owing. The
“ lessons you have instilled into my
“ bosom, have taught me that in-
“ ward satisfaction cannot be procur-
“ ed but by exercising benevolence.
“ To your persuasion, I am indebted
“ for the reformation of my mind,
“ and I shall live a convincing proof
“ of the Benefit arising from a Good
“ Example.”

THE REWARD OF GENEROSITY.

A MORAL TALE.

—If misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues. And so many great
Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,
Have in her school been taught, as are enough,
To consecrate distress, to make ambition
E'en wish, the frown beyond the smile of
fortune.

THOMSON.

IN a pleasant valley between the towns of St. Lizies and Foix, in the province of Languedoc, in France, lived a gentleman of small fortune, named Mons. Bonheur. His residence was a small building in the cottage stile, consisting of about six rooms, and

1

was

was calculated for convenience without profusion, and friendship without ostentation. It was surrounded by a neat garden, which added greatly to the beauty of the scene. From the windows of the cottage was seen, in the east, the fertile province of Languedoc; on the west, the towering mountains of the Pyrenees shewed their majestic forms; on the north, the eye was captivated by the delightful windings of the Garonne, as it washed the fields of Thoulouse; and on the south, the province of Roussillon, with a distant view of the Mediterranean, presented itself to the sight.

Mons. Bonheur was enabled, by his income, to live with gentility, and some degree of fashion; but weary of

the

the dissipated scene of the metropolis, retired to the spot described, and which was his native soil. Here he watched the various beauties of the creation as they were sketched in the artless tints of nature along the extensive lawns, and enjoyed with delight the peaceful solitude. His heart was formed of generous feelings, and never permitted him to view the pangs of others without endeavouring to soothe them, which caused him to be much beloved in the surrounding neighbourhood.

He was one evening fast locked in the arms of sleep, when, some time after midnight, he was astonished at being awoke by a loud knock at the outer door. The domestics, consisting only of a footman and maid-serv-

vant, were in bed likewise, and heard it not. Surprised beyond expression, he opened a window, and called out to know the reason of being thus disturbed. By the faint reflection of the moon, half hid behind a cloud, he discovered a man, who, by his dress, appeared to be a Spanish cavalier, begging him, in the most eloquent terms, to admit him into his house for safety, adding, that he had been pursued by robbers. Mons. Bonheur instantly hasted down stairs, and introduced the cavalier to an apartment, from which they had the happiness of seeing the robbers search for their prey, and at length, after closely observing the house of Mons. Bonheur, depart without satisfying their wishes.

As soon as the cavalier had in some degree recovered from his fear, he informed his kind preserver that he was a Spanish cavalier, named Don Ferdinand de las Torres ; that, having set out from Catalonia, in company with three others, with an intention of travelling into France, and being accidentally separated from them, he had lost his way, and was attacked about a league from the cottage by a party of robbers. Having thus satisfied Monsieur Bonheur of the accident which brought them acquainted with each other, he was shewn by his kind host to a bed-chamber ; and the remainder of the night passed without interruption.

In the morning, Mons. Bonheur was so charmed with the genteel be-

haviour of his guest, that he insisted on his passing a few days longer at the cottage, which Don Ferdinand, as he was under no particular engagement, willingly complied with. At the expiration of ten days, the cavalier took his leave for Paris, with a kind invitation to spend some time longer at the cottage on his return.

A few weeks succeeding to this event, Mons. Bonheur was united to a very agreeable lady, possessed of elegant manners, a fine person, and a feeling heart. In a little time after their marriage, they were blessed with a son, whom they baptized William, who, as he grew up, inherited all the benevolent qualities which filled the minds of his parents, and, from the early proofs of temper he

gave, promised to fulfil their every wish with regard to him.

Two years after his marriage, Mons. Bonheur was under the necessity of travelling as far as Normandy. In the course of a few weeks he had transacted his business in that country, and was returning through the province of Armagnac, when he one evening distinctly heard several furious words proceed from a thick wood by the road side. He alighted, and, drawing his sword, hastened to the place, where he found a gentleman hard pressed by three ruffians. Without speaking, Mons. Bonheur attacked the strongest party, and, by the valour of his arm, they were soon put to the rout, and one of them desperately wounded. Mons. Bonheur had then

leisure

leisure to contemplate the features of the person he had succoured; but what was his surprise at discovering Don Ferdinand de las Torres. The Spaniard embraced his deliverer with the utmost affection, and proceeded to inform him, that, being weary of the gaieties of Paris, he was returning to Catalonia; and that, being tempted by the fineness of the evening, he had chosen to walk a little way, and had left his servant with the horses, following at some distance; that, on passing that place, he was set upon by the three russians from whom he had released him; adding: "You
" have saved my life a second time.
" I know not how to thank you; but
" if ever opportunity should offer in
" which I can serve you, depend on

“ my utmost endeavours being exerted.”

The servant at that moment arrived with the horses, when Don Ferdinand mounting, they arrived in about three days at the chateau of Mons. Bonheur, who introduced the Spaniard to his lady. After spending some days there, Don Ferdinand took his leave of Mons. Bonheur, and returned home, after many professions of friendship on both sides.

Four years after this period, Mons. Bonheur was under an indispensable necessity of travelling into Spain, in order to transact some affairs of consequence, which had accidentally fallen to his charge, in the province of Castile. The great haste with which he was compelled to travel, prevented him

him from visiting Don Ferdinand on his way thither, and he was therefore deprived of the benefit of his friendly instructions for the journey.

In the course of two months he had transacted his affairs in that country, and was preparing to return to France, when a conspiracy against the government was accidentally discovered in the province. The consequence was, that several of the inhabitants were seized in every city, and especially every stranger. Among the number was Mons. Bonheur, who was instantly thrown into prison, and threatened with all the horrors of the Inquisition, a tribunal noted for its tortures, and the barbarity of its punishments. A few days after, Mons. Bonheur was brought before his judges;

judges; and, notwithstanding he neither heard, or was acquainted with, any part of the plot, he was condemned to suffer for life at the mines of Peru. The irregularity of the laws in Spain, and the partiality with which they are administered, was the cause of this cruel sentence, as the judges are so impatient, that, upon the slightest accusation, the criminal is condemned, and often without being heard in his defence.

The unfortunate Mons. Bonheur was to take his passage for the mines within three days after his sentence. His imagination pictured to him the most sorrowful fancies; and to leave his wife and youthful William for ever, without being able to take a parting leave of them, almost drove him

him to distraction. But manly fortitude, and the reliance he placed on the care of the Almighty, enabled him to bear his injuries with patience; and he looked forward to the time when he should again be happy.

“ Am I not,” he would say, “ a mortal man, and what mortal is free from the shafts of misfortune? My life hitherto has been almost wholly a scene of peaceful happiness. Secure in the romantic solitude of my native valley, afar from the noisy tumult of splendid cities, the fearful cry of misery never assailed the inhabitants of my cot. Shall I, then, have the vanity to suppose that all my hours are to be halcyon scenes of pleasure, or that I am not to receive the bitter and with

“ with the sweet ? It would be vanity to think so. Let me, then, resign myself with contentment to the decrees of the Almighty ; and, in the paths of horror, look forward to him as my protector, my Saviour, and my God !”

On the third morning, the bolts of Mons. Bonheur’s prison were unfastened. The clanking of the massy chains as they rolled down the stone walls, announced to him that the hour of his departure was arrived. He instantly knelt down, and returned thanks to his Maker for having given him strength to bear the awful moment with calmness. But who can describe his amazement, when, instead of the prison guards, a cavalier of distinguished shape and manner,

richly dressed, entered the dungeon? He rushed forward, and, clasping Mons. Bonheur in his arms, spoke as follows :

“ My good friend, my worthy pre-
“ server, in me recognise the man who
“ doubly owes his life to you, Don
“ Ferdinand de las Torres. By your
“ exertions I was twice rescued from
“ death, I now rescue you from fla-
“ very.”

Mons. Bonheur was struck with surprise, and requested to know by what means he was enabled so to do.

“ I will tell you,” replied Don Ferdinand. “ Some time after my re-
“ turn to Catalonia, I was promoted
“ to the fulfilment of a high office in
“ this city; and was so much engaged
“ in the duties of it, that I had not
“ time

“ time to notice you. Nevertheless,
“ my friendship still preserved its
“ warmth. Happening to dine yes-
“ terday at the house of the princi-
“ pal corregidor, the conversation
“ turned upon the conspiracy, when
“ he mentioned your name as being
“ one of the prisoners. I instantly
“ requested to pay attention to the
“ affair, when, on a farther investi-
“ gation of it, and a close examina-
“ tion of the different witnesses, your
“ innocence was clearly proved, and
“ an order made out for your release.
“ I flew hither instantly, and have
“ succeeded in my endeavours to re-
“ lease you, and you will still be
“ happy; an example, that generosity,
“ sooner or later, will one day meet
“ its reward.”

Mons. Bonheur affectionately embraced the Spaniard; and, after residing some weeks at his house, returned to France; and the correspondence between the two families was continued from the fathers to the children, for generations afterwards.

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

A MORAL TALE.

This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blo-
foms,
And bears his blushing honours thickupon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root.

SHAKSPEARE.

IN the reign of king Edward the First of England lived two valiant knights, the one named Robert de Marley, the other Eustace de Stanton. They had been friends from their infancy; their hearts were in unison; and every will of the one was

M 3. coincided.

coincided in by the other. Robert was of an appearance calculated to inspire every one with admiration. His shape was bold, animating, and vigorous; two fine blue eyes, and an excellent set of teeth, added a fire to his visage which greatly interested the spectator in his favour; and a high forehead, with an open intelligent countenance, at once bespoke him the man of sensibility and friendship.

Euftace was a man of a bold captivating aspect, which might with propriety have been denominated handsome. The features of his face were beautified by a ruddy, cheerful colour; and his whole front was well adapted to shew the emblem of health. His joints were firm, equal, and well turned, and there was a certain air and

and conduct in his manner which excited the notice of every one.

With respect to their inward qualities, Robert was courageous, bold, and valourous, and at the age of twenty was famed for deeds in war. He had, indeed, from the period of his earliest years, been a soldier. In his seventeenth year he was present at the taking of Dunbar, besieged by the English army, under the command of Earl Warrenne, in the year 1296. During the siege, the Scottish army, headed by the Earls Buchan, Lenox, and Marre, advanced to relieve it. The English chieftain knew them to be undisciplined troops; and, notwithstanding they were three times the number of his followers, he attacked the enemy with such fury, that they

they were compelled to retreat, with the immense slaughter of twenty thousand men. Robert in this battle performed wonders, and, for his youth, astonished every one. Immediately after the battle, he was dubbed knight, and received a distinguished command. He was so anxious to shew gratitude to his monarch for the marks of honour bestowed upon him, that he greatly regretted the peace which took place some time after with Scotland, and the consequent inactivity that followed. Such was his martial character. With respect to the domestic qualities of his heart, he was affable, generous and charitable. The rich man never reproached him with forwardness, his equals never had occasion to observe his pride, and

the

the lowly poor never went hungry from his gate.

The character of Euftace equalled that of his friend, as the warrior. He had performed an equal degree of service in the same action, received the same honours, and regretted, in an equal degree with Robert, the peace which prevented them from farther exercising their valour. The qualities of his mind were those of affability, kindness, and benevolence, a small quantity of pride, and an impatience of contradiction, added to a confidence in the propriety of his own notions.

Immediately after the siege of Dunbar, our two knights were recalled to England by Edward, in order to join an expedition which was fitting out against

against Guienne, under the orders of the Earl of Lancaster. They arrived safe in France; and soon after the operations commenced were jointly invested with the care of an attempt to surprise a body of French troops posted in a neighbouring village. The two chiefs, notwithstanding their firm friendship, greatly differed about the manner of attacking the enemy. The most trivial occurrences will sometimes dissolve the greatest friendships. So it was with respect to Euftace and Robert. The latter being of a milder temper than the former, submitted to the judgement of his friend, though not without secret disgust. The advice of Euftace was accordingly adopted, and the expedition failed. On their return, Robert, in ironical terms,

terms, though without any enmity, congratulated the other on the success which had followed the execution of his scheme.

The countenance of Euystace was fired with resentment; he eyed Robert with fury and scorn, and, turning on his heel, exclaimed,

“ I care not for your mockery.”

Robert plainly perceived him to be offended, and hastened after him in order to clear up the dispute; but the impetuous temper of Euystace prevented him from forgetting the *insult*, as he termed it; and, notwithstanding his friend assured him, in the most serious manner, it was a jest, he refused to adjust the affair, but said, with a sneer,

“ 'Tis

“ ‘Tis done ; you have cut the
“ brittle string which held our friend-
“ ship ; we part, and for ever. I now
“ see the strength of the tie by which
“ you pretended to love me.”

Robert was stung at this reply, and his honour prevented him from making farther advances towards a reconciliation ; he therefore walked another way, greatly hurt at the behaviour of Eustace, yet determined to preserve an equal degree of coolness.

Six weeks passed on without any any transaction of consequence, till one evening Eustace and his servant were not to be found. The whole camp was searched, but no traces of them could be discovered. No one was witness to their departure ; and the

the only news which could be gathered was, they were missing ; how, could not be told. Robert's heart was fraught with sorrow and regret ; and he breathed nothing but vengeance against the supposed murderers of his friend, if chance should throw them in his power.

Three months had elapsed without any intelligence of the absent knight, when one day Robert was surprised at seeing the servant of Eustance enter the tent. He immediately enquired after his lost companion, and desired to be informed concerning their sudden disappearance.

The servant informed him, that, on the evening they were missed, they had strolled far beyond the limits of the camp, and were suddenly seized

by a party of banditti, who dragged them into a wood. After having stripped them of whatever valuable they carried about them, the robbers addressed Eustace, and informed him that, two of their company having been killed in a late expedition, they must supply their places, or meet instant death.

Not choosing to incur the anger of the banditti, and cherishing the hope of being one day able to escape, Eustace and his servant were compelled to submit to their proposition of joining them, and were immediately conveyed to a spacious cave in the interior of the wood, the entrance to which was secured by a secret spring and trap-door. On descending, they were astonished at viewing the

the extensiveness of the vault, and the innumerable heaps of riches with which it was filled—the spoils of the banditti, torn from the persons of murdered travellers. The recollection of which, added to the figures and dreadful features of their new companions, inspired them with a degree of horror better conceived than described.

For the space of two months they were closely observed, and never permitted to be out of sight of the banditti. At the end of that time, they were less noticed, and, seeming to accord with the plans of the robbers, were looked upon as adepts in the art of thievery, and obtained the title of courageous fellows.

The banditti, at length, gave over all attention to them, and Frederick (Euclide's servant) was permitted to go to a neighbouring market-town, and purchase provisions for them, though always attended by one of the robbers, who carried a loaded pistol, in order to shoot him in case he attempted to alarm any one.

By some accident, that day on which he escaped to Robert it was impossible for any one of the robbers to accompany him, the greater part of them being disabled in a late rencontre, and the rest of the gang being busily employed in attending on their wounded companions.

He had therefore been trusted alone, and took that opportunity of escaping to

to the knight, and informing him of the cause which detained them from the service of their country.

Such was the information collected from Frederick by Sir Robert. The man likewise informed the knight that his master was greatly hurt at the rudeness of his behaviour to him, and impatiently wished for an opportunity to renew their friendship, though he despaired of ever being able to effect it.

Robert burned with impatience to release his friend from so ignominious an employment; and having chosen fifty men, attended by Frederick, he repaired to the wood which was the haunt of the banditti. They proceeded without discovery to the cave;

the secret spring was touched by Frederick, and the trap-door instantly flew open. They imediately entered the subterraneous habitation, accompanied by twenty of their followers, whilst the remainder of the soldiers watched on the outside, to prevent surprize on that quarter, and to be ready to assist below, in case there should be occasion for them.

The soldiers in the cave proceeded with the utmost caution, until they reached the cell where the robbers were carousing. The fury of their behaviour, and the barbarity of their expressions, shocked Sir Robert.

The different voices of the banditti were plainly heard, all of whom were accusing Frederick for stopping

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so long, and threatening Euftace with their vengeance, in case his companion did not return.

On hearing these words, Robert and his companions entered the room, and attacked the banditti. A desperate contest ensued; but, the latter being only ten in number, it was of short duration, and they were over-powered, and taken prisoners to the camp, where soon after they suffered the punishment due to their execrable offences.

After the first shock of the affair was over, the countenance of Robert assumed a mild and conciliating aspect; and, clasping the hand of Euftace in his own, he thus addressed the partner of his friendship:

" My

“ My friend, my companion, Heaven knows with what agony I endured the dissolution of our friendship, and the sorrows I have undergone since your sudden disappearance. You doubted my constancy; oh! how short-sighted must be your feelings, could they not perceive the warmth of my partiality towards you. But I have done with this, and have only now to hope that mutual injuries will be buried in oblivion, and that we shall again hail each other as friends, never to be disunited by the discordant breath of calumny.”

“ My generous, my noble-minded Robert,” replied Eustace: “ and can you indeed forget the insults

“ you

“ you have received ; the malicious
“ epithets which my turbulent tem-
“ per prompted me to insinuate
“ against you ? Deign to look with
“ kindness on my faults, and regard
“ them as the errors of a mind too
“ proud of itself. Take, then, my
“ hand, with it my heart ; and hence-
“ forth, if I should be so unhappy as
“ to offend you, recal to my remem-
“ brance the dangers from which you
“ have just delivered me, and humili-
“ lity will confirm in my mind an
“ everlasting acknowledgement of the
“ Test of Friendship, in which you
“ have acquitted yourself with such
“ bright and dazzling honour.”

They then affectionately embraced
each other, Eustace still pouring out
his thanks to Robert, and praising
the

the goodness of his friend, which had rescued him from such accumulated shame and danger.

The two knights ever after lived in the most perfect friendship; and the harmony of their bosoms was never interrupted by the odious machinations of Envy.

The faithful Frederick was liberally rewarded; and in a few years, from the humble occupation of a servant to Sir Euftace, he rose to the exalted station of a knight; and, full of honours, lived to a good old age, beloved and respected.

Such are the benefits attending the performance of good actions, whilst the votaries of vice, like the banditti of the forest, live in obscurity, and die with ignominy.

THE

THE HERMIT.

A FRAGMENT.

Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant,
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene;
Clouds that obscure his sublunary day,
But never conquer. E'en the best must own,
Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth.

YOUNG's *Night Thoughts*.

DON PHILIP D'AVILA was the only son of the Marquis Villena, a rich nobleman of Spain, remarkable for his integrity of mind and generosity of heart.

The Marquis was passionately fond of his nephew, who, being an orphan, was

was early left to his care, and engaged all his attention. The good old gentleman resolved to endow him with every necessary qualification; and for that purpose, having received a course of private tuition, he studied three years in the university of Salamanca, and came from thence with a mind so fraught with learning, and a heart so filled with goodness, that his fond uncle wept over him with joy, and, having no child of his own, loved him with the most ardent and unabating affection. The Marquis, not content with having bestowed on him so liberal an education, sent him to Madrid for the space of two years, with recommendations to the first circles of distinction.

At

At the age of twenty, Don Philip received a summons from his uncle, who resided in the province of Leon, to attend him on a very urgent affair. The youth accordingly obeyed, and took his way for that province, on the frontiers of which was the seat of the Marquis. The young cavalier, entering a wood about two miles from his uncle's house, was tempted to walk the remainder of the way, it being a delightful spot of ground. He therefore dismounted, and, giving his horse to the servant, sent him before, to warn the family of his arrival. The dusk of evening had already enveloped the sky, and darkness promised in a little time to encircle the globe. Nevertheless, Don Philip was so much inclined to walk those two miles,

miles, that he determined, notwithstanding the increasing gloom, to gratify his wishes ; and, persisting in his design, dispatched the servant on his errand, without a moment's consideration of the dangers to which he might be exposed in so dreary a place.

He had scarcely proceeded a mile before the shades of night were spread around, and twilight thrust forth her dusky prospect, as the signal for the cottager to return to his bed, and the robber to forsake his haunt. Don Philip at length arrived at a place where three roads met ; a difficulty here occurred ; the atmosphere was so thoroughly dark, that it prevented him from discovering the right path ; no traveller approached from whom he could learn, and he thus waited a

great length of time in a situation of suspense, better imagined than described. To add to his misfortune, a violent storm began, which continued with unceasing fury. Anxiety to avoid the effects of it compelled him to proceed, and he accordingly chose one of the roads. After having strolled down it for a long way, he reached a place so intersected with brambles and other prickly bushes, that he was unable to pass them. This caused a second halt, and he was now convinced that he had lost his way. Whilst he was musing on this affair, he suddenly perceived the faint glimmer of a light at a distance. He determined to advance towards it, and, if possible, gain a shelter from the fury of the elements, which exercised their

vengeful war with the most implacable fury. At length he arrived at the place from whence the light proceeded, and found it to be a small lamp hung out at the entrance of a cell, situate on the declivity of an eminence. He entered, and perceived a solitary hermit wrapt in prayer. He waited till the reverend father had finished his devotions.

“Respect and friendship, father,” said Don Philip.

“Welcome, my son,” replied the holy man.

“I have taken the liberty,” answered the cavalier, “to enter your cell from the fury of the storm, confiding in your goodness to pardon the intrusion.”

“The humble residence of virtue,” cried

cried the venerable father, “ is never
“ better employed than in administer-
“ ing to those whose necessities have a
“ claim upon it. But, come, accept of
“ the homely fare which my store af-
“ fords, and let contentment and
“ happiness sweeten the cheer.”

With these words, the good old man drew forth from the interior of the cell a loaf of brown bread, and a bottle of wholesome beverage, which he set before the chevalier, and requested him to eat of it. Hunger compelled Don Philip to attack the viands, of which he eat heartily.

“ How changeable,” said he, whilst he eat, “ is the weather ; after so fine
“ an evening, the night is the scene
“ of every dreary event—So is the life
“ of man ! The morn of his exist-

“ ence brings the most flattering
“ prospect, and basking in the sun-
“ shine delights of felicity, he heeds
“ not to-morrow, until the measure of
“ his joys being completed, the even-
“ ing sets in the gloomy maze of mis-
“ fortune, and he looks back, with
“ sighing sorrow, to those hours which
“ saw him in the prime of his happi-
“ ness. To those hours—when exalted
“ to the highest pinnacle of human
“ grandeur, he glorified and adored
“ the God who enabled him to gain
“ the summit of his hopes; till by a
“ sudden change, he falls into the
“ abyss of misery. Reflection of what
“ he once was, renders the change
“ doubly cutting, and he calls in des-
“ pair on the Creator, whose will it
“ was to place him in that state, and
“ whose

“whose pleasure it is to mingle sorrow with joy, for purposes, no doubt, wise in themselves, though beyond the short-fighted knowledge of mortals.”

Whilst the youth spoke, the pearly dew-drops rolled down the cheek of the illustrious hermit.

“True are thy words,” exclaimed he, “and never were they more fully verified than in the man whom you see before you.”

Don Philip was surprised. He cast a look of inquisitive anxiety upon the hermit. The latter perceived it, he instantly caught the opportunity, and continued his speech—

“I see by your countenance, my son, the inward state of your thoughts.

“ thoughts. You wish to be acquainted with the reason of my expressing myself in so mysterious a manner; that you shall soon know if you are willing.”

Don Philip bowed assent, and the hermit resumed the conversation.

“ When the heart is over-charged with a load of sorrow, which weighs down its fortitude, it is a pleasure to find one to whom the secret can be confided. I trust, that in you I have found one. I shall, without reserve, communicate to you the reason of my being in this lonely situation, in full confidence that your prudence will enable you to keep the secret within your own breast.”

“ If

“ If ever I reveal it;” cried the cavalier, “ may I be deemed unworthy
“ the friendship of a virtuous man.”

The hermit seemed satisfied. A flush of joy overspread his countenance, such as may be seen when the mind vibrates with the hope of having found one worthy of confidence. He eyed his companion with a look of pious resignation, and commenced his narrative in the following words:

“ Listen, cavalier, to the tale of
“ my miseries, and if your heart is
“ such as your features declare it to
“ be, the recital must pierce the in-
“ most recesses of your breast, and
“ engage all the benevolence of your
“ mind.

“ I was born at Saragossa, in the
“ kingdom of Arragon, and was the
“ only

“ only son of an indulgent father,
“ named Don Pedro de Cuenca. At
“ the age of twenty, I was united in
“ marriage to an illustrious lady, nam-
“ ed Donna Ines de Campéo. Oh !
“ had she been as virtuous as beauti-
“ ful, she would have spared all those
“ bitter reflections, which the remem-
“ brance of her have cost me.”

Bitter tears for a time denied the old man utterance. Don Philip was vexed that he had been the innocent cause of his kind entertainer's distress, but his conscience acquitted him, and he was satisfied. The hermit renewed his tale.

“ But to return.—Excuse, young
“ man, this sudden burst of grief;
“ but, believe me, when I recollect
“ the many happy hours I have spent
“ with

“ with her, the pangs which fill my
“ bosom are too violent to be de-
“ scribed—but are you affected.—I
“ will suppress my emotion.

“ On the day which saw our union,
“ my father clasped a hand of each
“ in his own. and said—‘ Go, my
“ children, may you live but for each
“ other, and I shall be happy.’ Those
“ were his words ; he died six months
“ after, and left me heir to his im-
“ mense property. Good man ! let
“ me rejoice in his dissolution—
“ madness must certainly have been
“ his portion, had he witnessed the
“ wrongs of his ill-fated son.

“ I lived but for Ines ; Ines lived
“ for another. I had scarce been mar-
“ ried three years, when I received an
“ invitation from King Ferdinand to
“ oppose

“ oppose the Moors, who had revolt-
“ ed, and taken possession of Gra-
“ nada. You cannot be ignorant of
“ that long and cruel war, and the
“ expelling our enemies. During my
“ stay with the Spanish army, I wrote
“ numberless letters to Donna Ines,
“ but, to my utter astonishment, never
“ received any answer. After an ab-
“ sence of three years, I returned to
“ my native city. I flew to the house
“ of my beloved Ines ; but instead of
“ being received with those transports
“ which my love had taught me to
“ expect, she noticed, with the
“ greatest coolness, and hardly con-
“ descended to welcome my return.
“ Burning with resentment, I quitted
“ the house, and repaired to a neigh-
“ bouring companion's. Gracious
“ God !

“ God !—can I relate my feelings,
“ when I learnt that my wife having
“ never heard any thing of me, had
“ married a noble cavalier, named
“ Don Fernando Lopez. Distrac-
“ tion seized me at the news—I could
“ scarce be restrained from laying vio-
“ lent hands on myself ; but a recol-
“ lection of the laws of my Maker,
“ restrained me from committing so
“ impetuous an act. I instantly rush-
“ ed into the street, and waiting at a
“ distance from the city, demanded,
“ by message, an interview with Don
“ Fernando. He obeyed the man-
“ date, and met me. I upbraided
“ him for the treachery of his con-
“ duct ; but can words do justice to
“ my feelings, when he thus answer-
“ ed me ?

“ Don Pedro, I am not bound to
“ answer your silly questions, Donna
“ Ines has favoured me with her hand,
“ and I shall give explanations to no
“ one.”

“ Rage fired my bosom, on hearing these words. I drew my sword,
“ and dared him to the combat. In less than two minutes he received the
“ point of my weapon in his breast, and expired without a groan. The rigid
“ laws of my country dooming me to death for the offence, I instantly es-
“ caped with the small share of money
“ I had about me, and after several months wandering in disguise, dur-
“ ing which time I lived wholly upon charity, I one day reached this cell,
“ where I found a venerable hermit at the point of death. I arrived just
“ in

“ in time to receive his last benediction, and make known to him my sad history, when he closed his eyes, after desiring me, if I had any inclination, to keep possession of his cell.

“ The next day I buried the holy man at a little distance hence, and determined to forget the world, took the habit of the deceased hermit, and have lived in this place four years, secluded and unknown.”

The hermit here ended. Don Philip was going to console him, but had scarce time to open his lips, before a band of armed men entered the cave, whom they discovered, by their garb, to be officers of the Inquisition.

“ Hail! Don Pedro,” cried one of them, “ we have found you at last; come, prepare for your departure—

“ The murder of Don Fernando Lopez has not passed unnoticed ; and the young cavalier, your companion, must attend us also.”

Don Philip knew it would be in vain to resist them. He therefore attended them, and accompanied by the hermit, they were conducted to Madrid, and lodged in prison.

The Marquis Villena was of high birth, and having done his country a material service, was in great favour at court. To him, therefore, Don Philip applied by letter. The Marquis, whom fear for his nephew's safety had almost driven melancholy, immediately hastened to the capital, and the result was, that his nephew was instantly liberated. The thoughts of the benevolent nobleman were then turned

turned towards the unfortunate Don Pedro. He pleaded with his sovereign in behalf of the ill-fated man, and represented, in such animating colours, the wrongs he had suffered, that, after a severe confinement, he was pardoned. Great part of his estates, which had been confiscated, were restored to him, and time promising to obliterate the remembrance of his injuries, he endeavoured to be happy.

What became of Donna Ines nobody could learn, farther than that she suddenly absented herself from Madrid, and was never heard of more.

The Marquis, Don Philip, and Don Pedro, ever lived in the greatest friendship, and the gentle gales of peace, which blew around their happy mansions, were never interrupted by the

boisterous storms of discontent or turbulence.

Let then neither the poor or the unfortunate lament the lot into which the God of nature has thrown them; for the extensive plans of Providence are numberless as the flowers of the field, and the wisdom of the Almighty has blessings in store for those who deserve them.

JULIET.

A TALE-BEARER sets all the world on fire.—Juliet was beautiful, and possessed of every accomplishment; but she employed her wit in repeating, with additions, whatever she heard that was in the least degree ridiculous; or whatever one person said to the disadvantage of another. While she was yet a child, her father took her on his knee, and said: “What will be the consequence of this habit of yours? You will be hated by all the world; every one will avoid you as a pestilence;—and with good reason; for you will cause

“ cause more evil than that frightful
“ disease.”

Juliet, who had no vicious intention, promised to reform herself; but, unfortunately, her father died, and she forgot his lessons.

What he had prophesied came to pass; Juliet was hated by every body. All hid themselves from her; whispered in her presence; and were afraid to go where she was invited. The habit grew upon her, and she practised it without knowing that she did so. She condescended to be a perpetual spy upon the servants; if she was in a garden she would pretend to sleep, in order to over-hear the discourse of those who were walking; and this she would afterward commit to paper; but as several, sometimes, spoke at once,

once, and she had not sufficient memory to be particular as to which person said this, or that ; she misplaced the words, giving to one what another had uttered ; or, she wrote the beginning of a conversation, without having heard the end ; or, the end, without knowing any thing of the beginning. Scarce a week passed in which she did not involve the whole neighbourhood in a hundred quarrels ; and when the reports in which they originated were traced to Juliet, they were generally found to have been the consequence of falsehood or, at best, mistake. She embroiled her mother with all her friends ; and was the cause of four or five duels.

One day, while this unfortunate girl was busily occupied in misrepresenting

senting a domestic circumstance on paper, a sudden consternation appalled her senses, and, looking up, she beheld the Genius of Truth!

“I am about to shew you,” said the awful visitor, “the miseries of which “you are the cause!”

Terrified as Juliet was, she had no adequate idea of the horrid spectacle she was to behold.

The genius, in silence, placed a capacious mirror before her eyes; she had not power to turn them away: she saw a man followed by three children, who, with their father, begged for bread.

“I know not this man,” cried Juliet, recovering the use of her speech; for she re-assumed a degree of confidence on beholding a scene which she imagined could reflect no disgrace upon

upon herself ; “ I know not this man :
“ what evil can I have done him ? ”

“ This man,” said the Genius,
“ was a rich merchant ; his ware-
“ houses were filled with goods ; but
“ he stood in need of ready money.
“ This man came to your father to
“ borrow, in order to discharge a
“ bill ; you listened at the door of
“ your father’s study ; and you spoke
“ of the circumstance to many per-
“ sons to whom he was in debt ; this
“ destroyed his credit ; every body
“ ran to be paid ; and law-suits tak-
“ ing place, the poor man and his
“ children have been beggars these
“ nine years.”

“ Ah, gracious power ! ” cried Ju-
liet ; “ what a wretch am I to have
“ committed this crime ; but I am
“ rich ;

“ rich ; I will repair the injury that I
“ have done, by restoring to him the
“ wealth which he has lost by my im-
“ prudence.”

“ While you speak,” cries the Ge-
nius, “ the old man sinks with sor-
“ row into the grave !”

The scene changes, and in the cor-
ner of a dreary room, the windows of
which are crossed with iron bars, Ju-
liet sees a beautiful woman, stretched
upon a pallet, having beside her a
pitcher of water and a morsel of
bread ; her black hair falls over her
shoulders, and her face is bathed in
tears. “ O, my God !” cries Juliet,
“ I know that lady !---her husband
“ carried her to France six years ago ;
“ and he has written that she died ;
“ is it possible that I am the cause of
“ the

“ the dreadful situation in which she
“ is here represented ?”

“ Yes,” answered the Genius,
“ and more than this ; you are the
“ cause of the death of a man whom
“ the husband of this lady has kill-
“ ed. You must remember, that,
“ one evening, being on a seat in a
“ garden, you pretended to sleep,
“ that you might hear the discourse
“ of two persons ; you imagined from
“ their conversation that they loved
“ each other ; and you spread your
“ opinion through all the vicinity.
“ The rumour reached the ears of the
“ husband of this lady, who is a man
“ of a jealous turn of mind ; he kill-
“ ed the chevalier, and carried his
“ wife to France, where having re-
“ ported that she is dead, he has put
“ her

“ her into this situation. The lady
“ is innocent ; the gentleman talked
“ of the affection he bore to one of
“ her cousins, whom he wished to
“ marry ; but, as he spoke in a low
“ tone of voice, you heard only half
“ the conversation ; this you wrote ;
“ and this caused the dreadful cala-
“ mities.”

“ Ah ! ” cried Juliet, “ I am a
“ wretch indeed ! I do not deserve
“ to see the day.”

“ Wait your sentence,” said the
“ Genius, “ till you know the sum
“ of your crimes ! — look at that man
“ who is lying in a dungeon loaded
“ with chains ; you have reported a
“ conversation, in itself innocent,
“ which is the cause of his present
“ situation.”

After

After this, the Genius brought before the eyes of Juliet a multitude of servants in distress, in want of food; of quarrelling friends; of separated husbands and wives; of children driven away and disinherited by their parents; all owing their misfortunes to her conduct. Juliet is overwhelmed with grief; and promises to correct herself.

“ It is only under certain conditions,” replies the Genius, “ that you will be enabled to prevent yourself from falling into errors which you have practised so long. “ Are you willing to become blind, “ deaf, and dumb for the period of “ six years; and to pass all that time “ in reflecting upon the miseries you “ have caused?”

Juliet had not courage sufficient for undertaking a penance which appeared to her so terrible ; she promised, however, to spare no pains in checking her tongue ; but the Genius disappeared, disdaining to listen to these promises.

Detested by every body who knew her, notwithstanding her wit, her beauty, and her accomplishments, she resolved to retire into another country. She went to reside in a large city ; the inhabitants of which were immediately charmed with her. Many persons of distinction sought her in marriage ; and she gave her hand to one whom she passionately loved. She lived during a year perfectly happy. As this neighbourhood was extensive, it was not so soon discovered that she was in the

the habit of tale-bearing; because she mingled with many persons who were not acquainted with each other. One evening, after supper, her husband talked of various persons, and happened to say that such a nobleman was not an honest man, for that he had done such and such bad actions. Two or three days after this, Juliet went to a masquerade. A mask invited her to dance, and seated himself beside her. As she had a facility of speech, the mask was much amused by her conversation; and the more so, perhaps, as it was full of the scandal of the town, which she recited with much wit. The wife of the nobleman of whom Juliet's husband had spoke, rose to dance; and Juliet said to the mask: "this is a

" very

“ very elegant woman ; it is a pity
“ that her husband is so bad a man.”

“ Do you know her husband,
“ then ?” said the mask.

“ No,” replied Juliet, “ but my
“ husband, who knows him perfectly
“ well, has told me many infamous
“ stories concerning him ;” and hav-
ing said this, she immediately related
all she had heard, considerably aug-
menting it, according to her own evil
habit, in order to give scope to her
wit. The mask listened to her with
great attention ; and Juliet was much
gratified by this, because she attri-
buted it to his admiration of her abili-
ties.

When she had finished, the mask
rose ; and a quarter of an hour after-
ward, Juliet was told that her hus-
band

band was dying of a wound which he had received in a duel with a nobleman whose reputation he had injured. In tears, Juliet hastened to the spot where her beloved husband lay ; but, before she could arrive, he expired. Distracted by his loss, and unable to bear the remorseful tortures of her mind ; feeling now in all its force the enormous and wide-spread mischief of her behaviour ; and maddening under the reflection that the life she had destroyed it was impossible to restore, she wildly rushed on her husband's sword, and died upon his corpse.

F I N I S.

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2.1.7.2.3